The Bystander, August 29, 1917.—No. 717. Vol. LV.

The BYSTANDER

IF BAIRNSFATHER RETIRED!

BERT: "What are we agoin' to do nah?"
OLD BILL: "Blinkin' peace, I suppose! There ain't nothink else to do!"

BYSTANDER WAR COMMENTS

"Ifs" of the War

"IF" is pre-eminently a war-word. IF the Germans had got to Paris—IF the Gallipoli gamble had come off—IF the submarine war had started earlier—IF America had not come in—IF we had not adopted conscription—IF there had been no Bairnsfather—why, imagination boggles at what might have happened—but didn't! Perceiving, therefore, the power of "IF" as a stimulus to speculation, THE BYSTANDER has decided to have an "IF" Number, mainly with the idea of quelling the people who preface their theories with "IF" by giving them something better to think of and talk about. And here it is.

Verdun

FEW things in the war can have given greater pleasure to our French Allies than the successes of their armies last week on the stricken field of Verdun—successes not only tactically important in themselves, but of far greater moment in that they have pushed the Huns back to within a few hundred yards of the positions from which they launched their offensive eighteen months ago. Ypres and Verdun are the two sectors most hated of the Germans; and their names will be names of bitter detestation to generations yet unborn—unless, indeed, there should be German towns and cities fated to wipe out their memory with the significance of a still more sinister story.

O.B.E.

THE list of Knights, Dames, Commanders, Officers, and Members of the Order of the British Empire makes it clear that this distinction will be granted on a totally different basis from that of the Order (*e.g.*) of the Garter, of which that excellent statesman, Lord Palmerston, aptly remarked that its chief beauty was that it "had no damned merit about it." The recipients of the Badges and Stars of the O.B.E. will have the satisfaction of knowing that the honour conferred on them has been well worked for, and that nobody will be able to suggest that it adorns them as a sequel to a contribution to party funds. But its great recommendation is that the war services of women are at last adequately recognised. Women have worked for the country's success in this war in a manner beyond all praise, and the reward of their labours comes none too soon.

1F

THE KAISER SUDDENLY WOKE UP

The Freedom of the Seas

ONE of the holiest objects for which Germany alleges herself to be fighting is to confer upon a grateful world "the freedom of the seas." Possibly the German idea of what this phrase means differs not a little from that entertained by other nations, who have every reason to anticipate that, in war-time, it would be translated into freedom for Germany alone. The seas are free to everybody in peace-time; in war-time the British Navy keeps them free for the ships of all nations except her enemies, so far as the surface is concerned, and does its best to guard them against submarine murderers. Even a League of Nations could hardly hesitate long in choosing between England and Germany as the policeman of the seas. Besides, the seas are quite free for the German Fleet to come out into at the present moment—though getting home again might be quite a different affair!

Bonus Bonds

THE "open mind," of which Mr. Bonar Law admitted the possession some time ago with regard to the question of Bonus Bonds, has developed into the appointment of a Government Committee to consider the possibilities of an issue. Nothing is more certain than that a very great deal more money will have to be raised for war purposes by future loans of some sort, for taxation has not only nearly reached its limit, but even then does not provide more than about a quarter of what is wanted at the present rate of expenditure; and, though thousands of people have invested in War Loan who, before the war, never even thought of doing anything with their money except spend it, there remains one huge source of supply as yet scarcely tapped at all—the weekly wages of the country.

Tap Wages

EVEN 5 per cent. interest on his money does not attract the wage-earner. The normal wage-earner's views with regard to saving do not extend beyond putting a little by for his annual holiday. If he should happen to have £25 or £50 saved, the prospect of his possessing £26 5*s*. or £52 10*s*. in a year's time does not interest

(Continued on page 385)

IF

—You see this sort of expression in the district you will know, of course, that the "B—st—r" has arrived all right—

—Whereas, if you notice this sort of thing about the place, you will know perfectly well that—er—well, there you are, you see

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BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded)

him in the least. He is no disciple of Mr. Samuel Smiles. But—he dearly loves a "flutter" of some kind; and the only outlet for indulgence in this almost universal passion has hitherto been through the agency of the starting-price bookmaker, or the medium of "football competitions"—both of which waste-pipes are for the present, fortunately, almost completely choked up. The principal form gambling now takes is in "raffles" amongst munition-workers—never a particularly enticing way of getting rid of money. Give him something better.

Something for Nothing

THE desire of getting something for nothing is a basic fact; and the reason why it appeals so successfully to about 80 per cent. of human beings is because it bestows the twin pleasures of excitement and hope upon people who would otherwise experience little of either of these sensations. An issue of Bonus Bonds, properly worked, would satisfy both these conditions to an extent undreamt of amongst the authorities who, being well off themselves, take their excitement in other forms, can scarcely hope for much more than they already possess, and, moreover, know nothing of life in other strata of society. (A good example of this ignorance was shown the other day by the Food Controller, who admitted that he had, previously, no idea of the number of people who made their own jam!) But war conditions are teaching even the authorities something.

IF THE PUNISHMENT FITTED THE CRIME

A State Lottery

IF the Committee see fit to recommend an issue of Bonus Bonds there are two or three things they should keep firmly in mind. Their appeal must be to the wage-earner, for it is from the wage-earner that nearly all the money will come. Let them recognise this and boldly call the issue a State Lottery, disregarding the frenzied screams of the Anti-Gambling Leagues and similar cranks who take no account of human nature. A State Lottery everybody understands—to call it "Bonus" or "Premium" Bonds is to wrap the thing up so that it will have to be explained, and the wage-earner doesn't want any more explanations. What he wants to know is that his capital is safe, that it will, in any case, give him a small rate of interest (his present indifference to this will disappear when he begins to know the real benefit of it) and that he has a chance of a really big prize.

Big Prizes

LET them not make the prizes too small; a few big prizes will be far better than a lot of small ones. (As the cynic would doubtless say, fewer people will be ruined by success that way!) The point of a big prize—say £1,000—is that there is much less probability of the winner wasting it than if it had only been enough to "have a beano" with. And, above all, let them cater specially for the woman worker. She will be on to a State Lottery with every bit as much enthusiasm as the men; and her prize-money will be better spent.

IF I WERE FOOD CONTROLLER

I would compel the Government to drink its own beer

IF

—THE MERMAIDS DRANK TEA

IF—"IN ENGLAND—NOW!"

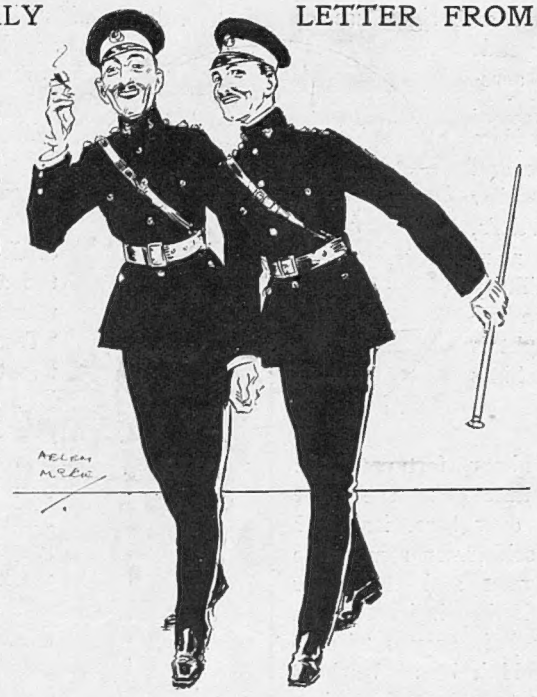
A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHE"

LONDON, *August 27, 1917*

DEAR COUSIN—

POSITIVE mass of "Ifs," life in war-time, isn't it? "IF the war's still on" or "IF the war's over" colours all our plans for the future, and as for the present we're fairly festooned with "IFS," whether we're working, playing, eating, drinking, sleeping, or thinking. Our men go out to fight, and in the hearts of those they leave behind one unspoken word is for ever sounding—"If. . . ." And for the men themselves, of course, there's the one great "If" that they face so finely, but seldom speak of:

If England calls this day
Then shall I die that she
May live in Liberty. . . .



"IF we get leave"

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THE "If" they do talk about—the one that buoys them up and keeps them going and lends a faint tinge of rose to even the greyest day—is the leave "If." Oh! the glowing visions and well-laid schemes "if we get leave." Quiet days at home, roistering times in town, shooting over the heather in clean English autumn air that's still untainted by the deadliness of war, the fishing expeditions, the over-like-a-flash-of-lightning country-house visits, the pleasant dalliance of shopping in real shops, the lunches, the dinners, the teas, the shows, all in the company of the right people (or person), of course.

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WHAT a shimmery silver lining to the greyness of what Mr. H. G. Wells calls the "gigantic, dusty, muddy, weedy, bloodstained silliness of war. I never imagined a quarter of its waste, its boredom, its futility, its desolation. It is merely a destructive and dispersive instead of a constructive and accumulative industrialism." But that's the point of view of the man who merely looks on. For the man who's in it there may be plenty of futility in this game of war, but there's plenty of heroism—big and small—as well.

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AND all through, and especially in these last weeks of what seems to have been "a phase of the war as bloody as anything that has been done in the history of human strife," our men have turned into reality again and again one of the most famous "Ifs," which is Kipling's:

If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after they have gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the will which says to them, "Hold on!"
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds worth of distance run. . . .
Yours is the earth and everything that's in it,
And—which is more—you'll be a man, my son.

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APROPOS, one of the most arresting—and also the biggest—"Ifs" I've come across lately is Mr. H. G. Wells's Tank "If." In the Tanks, it seems, we have only the first of a great series of offensive developments, and it is impossible, he says, to restrain a note of sharp urgency in what there is to say about these developments.

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"THE Tanks remove the last technical difficulties in our way to decisive victory and a permanent peace; they also afford a reason for straining every nerve to bring about a decision and peace soon. . . . Already these serio-comic Tanks, weighing something over twenty tons or so, have gone slithering and sliding over dead and wounded men. That is not an incident for sensitive minds to dwell upon, but it is a mere little child's play anticipation of what the big land ironclads that are bound to come will do *if* there is no world pacification."

"A nice, friendly brigadier"

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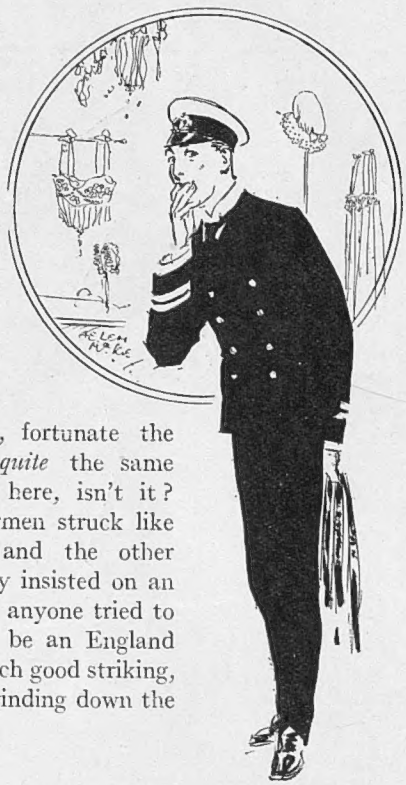
DOESN'T lessen the real menace of their meaning, either, that we now think the Tank something rather funny than otherwise. The young of even the most horrible beasts have, says the author of "Wars and the Future," something piquant and engaging about them, and so it is, perhaps, in the way of things that the land ironclad, which opens a new and more dreadful and destructive phase in the human folly of warfare, should appear first as if it were a mere joke.

(*Continued on page 388*)

IF—"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (*continued*)

On the Labour question, which of late has more intrigued us, perhaps, than even the war, Mr. Wells presents another rather startling "If." The decisive factor, he declares, in the sort of war we are now waging is the production and right use of mechanical material. Victory depends now upon three things—the aeroplane, the gun, and the Tank developments. We can only get these *if* we do not rob the great factories and works of their men. It's a view which, like so many of Mr. Wells's, is being realised more and more (though hardly yet by the military authorities) — that even more important than getting men to fight is the providing of men to make machines that'll do the fighting for them.



"Armed with cap ribbons sneaking into a lingerie shop"

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Reminds me, talking of Labour, fortunate the men over there don't take *quite* the same view of things as the men over here, isn't it? Very awkward it'd be if the soldiermen struck like the miners and the railwaymen and the other perishers here do. Just think if they insisted on an eight hours day and downed tools if anyone tried to make 'em do more. . . . Wouldn't be an England to strike in, for one thing, and not much good striking, anyway, with the heel of Germany grinding down the faces of a vanquished enemy.

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And that's another "If" of the moment—*if* Labour goes on being so obstreperous and tiresome—the pro-Stockholm kind, I mean—shall we be forced into a general election and all that it means in the way of hanging the war up, and clogging the wheels of the war-machine we did hope was going at full speed at last? But that's still a faint, and, we hope, far-away "if," and there are quite enough of them to worry about without adding a mere possible to the list.

"They are 'striking' hard in France"

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Now September's nearly here and summer flying by, *wouldn't* it be nice, by the way, *if* all the people who own lovely country places and moors and shoots and rivers and things invited all the sick or on-leave soldiermen who *hadn't* to come and stay—just by way of a small return for quite unpayable services rendered? Even with feminine appendages included, there'd be heaps of room in the average sporting country-house, where, now that entertaining's not "done," there are seldom less than twenty or thirty empty bedrooms. But I'm afraid, like most of the pleasanter "Ifs," this is a rather dim and Utopian one. Hospitality of a kind there's been and there is, of course; but it's too often of the proprietary and patronising brand—you know, message through the butler: Will the officers please not use the billiard-room to-day, as the family might want it? . . . And that sort of thing.

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Come to think of it, it's really extraordinary how very little those almost overburdened with the good things of the world do for those who are—well, very lightly laden in that respect. Not the "poor," I don't mean, with their free education and their free nearly everything else, but the decently indigent middle-class, whose whole income is spent merely on keeping as decent as possible, with nothing over for the frills of life. *If* only the very rich were to exercise a little imagination and spend just a little thought and trouble on giving some extra pleasure to their own (though poorer) sort, instead of writing cheques to provide soup-kitchens for the poor "poor," what a much nicer world it'd be—even in war-time. You see, there's no getting away from this fact—riches and all that they can give and get are an anodyne; and even the griefs and sufferings of this most dreadful of wars can be lightened and made much more bearable by the distractions, the little pleasures, and those more beautiful things of life that only money can buy.

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I wonder if we ever really shall see that general levelling-up of things that the prophets profess to find the germs of in the new equalities of the New Army—every private an individual instead of part of a mass of mere cannon-fodder, and officers working side by side, spite of differences in rank. Reminds me, seems I've sinned almost beyond forgiveness by referring the other day to a brigadier's "crossed swords."

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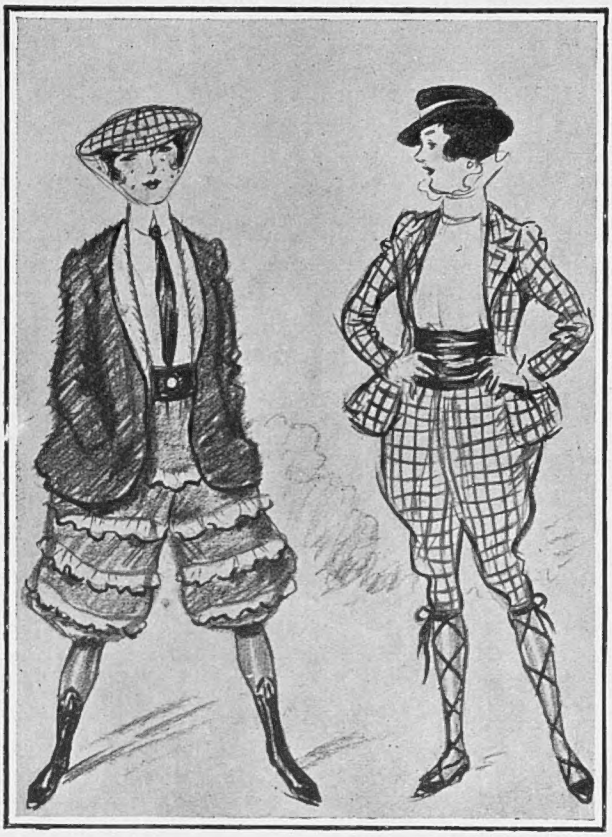
"Do you know a nice friendly brigadier, Blanche?" writes my mentor in the name of a shocked and startled mess in France. "They want some finding, that sort. But if you do, just go up close to him and stand on tiptoe and look on his shoulder. You

(*Continued on page 390*)

IF Women Really Took to Trousers

HOW LONG WOULD IT BE BEFORE WE CAME TO THIS?



FOR THE COUNTRY

FOR THE CITY

FOR THE SEASIDE

FOR EVENING WEAR

IF—"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (*concluded*)

will see that those dinky little brass things are not really crossed swords, but a crossed *baton* and sword, and if you do know a brigadier he'll probably be rather cross when he reads your letter. Because, you know, crossed swords are only worn by 'physical jerks' instructors, and between the two there is a great gulf fixed.

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"I WRITE in great fear and trembling, but I feel much easier now I've got it off my chest—never let it be said that B Company Mess of the Blankth Blankshires ever shirked a duty! But I do want to say how much we appreciate your letters out here—they bring London and all things English very close to us for a while. The war has a way of obtruding itself on one's notice just now, and it's a relief to forget—and remember. After the wonderful spell of fine weather, rain and cold have taken us unprepared. We splash and wallow in mud, and our tempers grow ragged and our language coarse. Just at the moment there doesn't seem much else to do but carry on, but if ever we pull through all this and anyone mentions war again—there'll be trouble."

卐 卐

TALKING of badges and things, here's one answer, anyway, to the question people *will* keep on asking—you know, *What's the Navy doing?* "While on leave, Blanche," writes a submarine Loot, "I visited a certain celebrated *lingerie* shop, armed with two cap-ribbons to be made into g*rt*rs. I was very nearly hysterical with fright, but the charming ladies inside soon put me at ease, and even told me quite a lot of most touching little stories about Naval officers! Before they looked at my ribbons, though, they said they did hope I belonged to some new ship—they were simply *fed-up* with submarine cap-ribbons! Speaks well for my branch of the profession, doesn't it?"

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NO anchorites, are they, our N.O.'s, if they do wear anchors on their caps? But, of course, it isn't always g*rt*rs. Another one—younger this time, in fact, only just promoted to sub-lieut.—says, will I get him a dozen Kirchners, because he means to make his cabin "the dinkiest thing in cabins that ever happened. I only came to this ship about a month ago, but already it's beginning to look awfully seductive, in pale blue, with pink lamp shades."

卐 卐

A DOZEN! The young voluptuary! But it's the old story. . . . A wife in every port, Kirchners (a dozen) in every cabin and where, I wonder, *do* all those cap-ribbons go? And the old ones are every bit as bad as the young ones, take my word for it. As they sing in *The Maid of the Mountains*:

At seventeen,
He falls in love quite madly
With eyes of a tender blue.
At twenty-four
He gets it rather badly
With eyes of a different hue.
At thirty-five,
You'll find him flirting sadly
With two or three or more.
When he fancies he is past love
It is then he meets his last love,
And he loves her as he never loved before

卐 卐

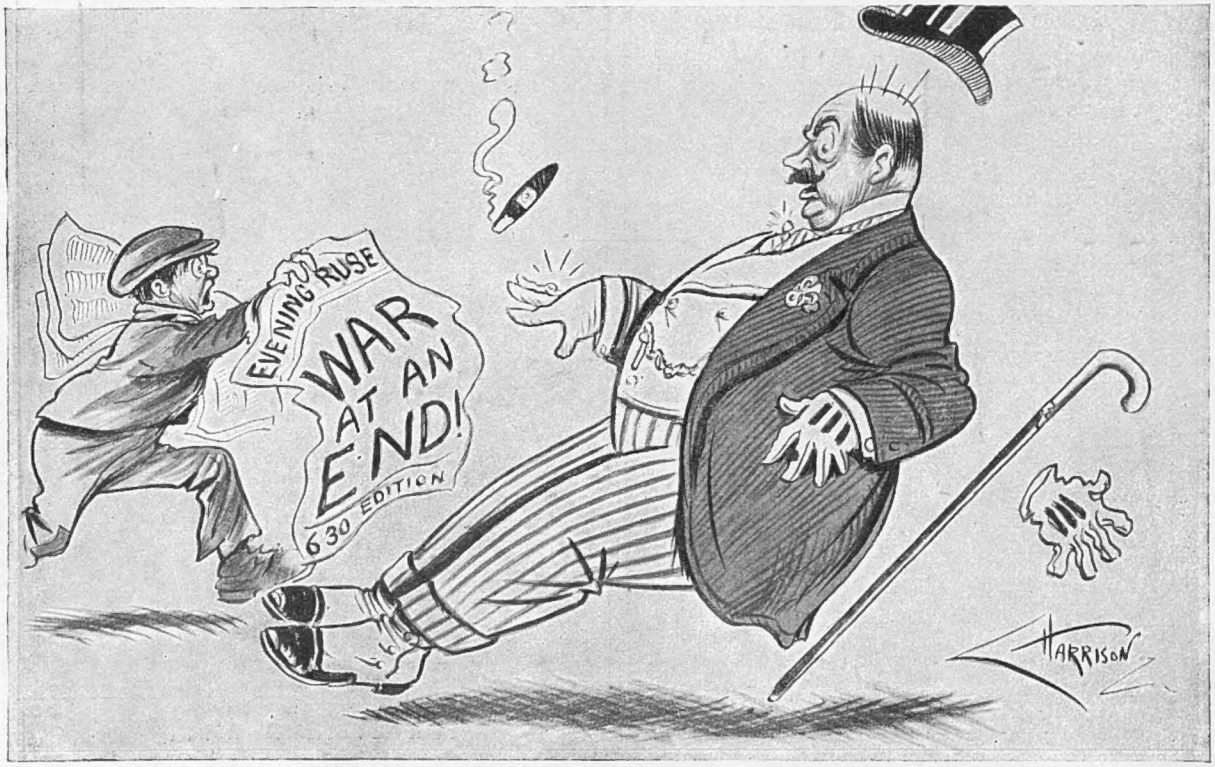
BUT all the same—oh, dear, *if* they were only all in England now—

What a time we'd have
What a time!

As our latest Allies say—very nice boys now they're over here—*wouldn't* we just have them bring the happy water in tanks and let it flow. And then some. Gee-whizz! You see, I've got the Allied atmosphere all right. Plenty of practice we've had these last weeks, and I now get on with them, as someone's put it, "like we was strap-hanging going over to Brooklyn, and she'd stood on my foot."

With love, yours ever (and no "if" about it),

BLANCHE



IF A PROFITEER SAW THIS POSTER

IF

—WE COULD GIVE VENT TO OUR REAL FEELINGS!

"Somewhere in Flanders"

IF EVER I MEET ————————

My Dear Bystander—

It is usually on the soaking wet days when war is stilled and all self-respecting spies remain quietly at home waiting for their socks to dry that the mind finds leisure to dwell lovingly on the anticipation of times to come.

Who is there whose every fibre does not thrill at the contemplation of one day, as plain Mr. Jones or Jackson and free as God's fresh air, finding himself alone in a railway compartment with the particular somebody who has lain heavily in his thoughts for years at a time?

⁂ ⁂

I do not speak of Huns, though I sometimes wonder if one will ever find oneself in the *salle-à-manger* of a Swiss winter hotel seated next to the man who dropped bombs on you for months at a time. I have often wondered what I shall do if this should ever be my lot. I have decided on "*Entschuldigen Sie, mein Herr,*" immediately after which I shall hit him heavily over the head with a skate and cast his body to the chamois.

But who is there, I ask, who has not at one time or another murmured passionately to himself "If ever after the war I meet the A.D. of L. or the D.O.R.D.T. or that old fool of a P.Q.R. of S——"; and the rest dies away in a husky whisper too awful for human expression?

⁂ ⁂

I sometimes think of what I shall do if ever I meet the black-hearted rapscallion who seven months ago boned my old motor-cycle out of the disused stable where I kept it and pinned up a notice over the empty stall—

"To Whom It Concerns.

"This motor-cycle, in its present deplorable condition, has now passed temporarily into hands which will endeavour to deal more kindly with it. For your information please."

Myself once more reverted to my neat blue reefer jacket and bowler hat I shall know no rest until the mute yearnings in my bosom have been appeased.

⁂ ⁂

There is, to begin with, a certain Brass Hat who perpetually haunts my dreams. Sometimes after eating tinned crab I see myself in a glorious vision following him stealthily down Piccadilly and finally giving him in charge of a policeman at the Circus for having unsuccessfully tried to snatch my gold albert while contemplating Fortnum's Yorkshire hams. In an ecstasy of happiness I listen to the music of the magistrate's comments as he dwells sorrowfully on the downfall of a man who once had held a commission in His Majesty's Army, endowed with exceptional talents and opportunities, who might, had he chosen, have risen to the summit of a glorious career; and I wake up with a shout of joy with the sentence of six weeks in the second division ringing in my ears.

But, after all, it will not be necessary to meet him. I shall take a more subtle reckoning. I have quite made up my mind. For the first twelve months after the war every bill and touting circular I receive I shall forward to him with "passed to you, please, for necessary action," written below with a blue pencil. There may be some who hold that I am taking too cruel, too barbarous a revenge. No matter what they think. Why should I spare him? He has never thought to spare me.

⁂ ⁂

But there is one man above all others that I must meet after the war. If ever I come across Monsieur A——! I call him Monsieur A—— because, hard as I have tried, I have not yet succeeded in finding out his name. All I know is that he is a commercial traveller and a nasty fellow. He is one of those mischievous individuals who delight in passing surreptitiously through controls without getting the necessary *cachets* on his papers, and when he has done this he proudly brings the fact to the notice of the Higher Command. And then I get terse little memos: "It is reported by a traveller that the control in your area is unsatisfactory."

Yes, if ever I come across Monsieur A——!

Yours ever,

Jack Johnson.

A DOUBLE IF

IF

—CAPTAIN BAIRNSFATHER HAD BEEN IN THE NAVY!

The Bystander in Paris

"The smile of our midinette"

"L'HEURE DE L'APÉRITIF"

CAFÉ GAULOIS, *August*

MONSIEUR ET CHER ALLIÉ—

DECIDEDLY it has been the month of smiles! First of all we have had that good and joyful *sourire britannique* of the gallant Tommies on leave. Ah, monsieur, how it makes the heart glad to see them, with their laughing eyes, so *insouciant* and full of mischief, as if the war were one long football match! As one of them said to me, pointing to a "Sammy" at the same table: "They can blow their bloomin' Stockholm whistle all they want to! There's not goin' to be no 'alf-time! We've got the umpire, wot was, lined up on our side! And there ain't nothin' like a umpire when he turns nasty and joins in, is there, Sam?" And it isn't only Paris that Tommy keeps amused with his drolleries. Monsieur should see him in the train—omnibus, when everyone is "grousing," as you say, because of the continual stops and waits. What a revelation! We, who thought the English so uncommunicative, especially *en voyage! Tenez!* Never shall I forget the joyous fellows who kept us laughing all the fifteen hours on the journey from Trou-sur-Mer, nor the face of the mobilised *curé*, who was requested by an amorous Tommy to help him compose a declaration of love to a fair Parisienne!

THEN there is the Ministerial smile! (I can see it now on the face of M. Désiré as he reads the *Temps!*) For once the tip of M. Aristide was wrong. To hear him and his friend the Deputy and some other people talking on the *terrasse*, one felt sure that the Cabinet was going to "jump," as the expression is, before the Parliamentary holiday. Already M. Aristide had informed us each privately (in strictest confidence!) that his friend the Deputy, author of innumerable "interpellations," would certainly be in the new Ministry. The Swiss Boy even began calling him "Monsieur le Ministre!" *Eh, bien,* not at all! Everything went off beautifully, as monsieur knows. M. Ribot spoke so eloquently that he was nearly encored—in fact, the accord perfect! . . .

"L'ouverture de la chasse"

OF course, there is also the smile of our National Tiger, M. Clemenceau, which is again becoming ominous and hungry! It is so long that he has not devoured a real live Cabinet entire! Since M. Briand and his fellow victims, it has been nothing but homœopathic doses of a Minister or an Under-Secretary of State or an occasional General. But the "Tiger" cannot live so long on sops, and by the time the vacation is over his terrible teeth will have become very long and sharp, so everyone "who knows" is saying. Apropos, has monsieur heard that an American millionaire of the richer kind wrote to M. Clemenceau that he had heard so much about his "Tiger" and would be glad to know if it could be purchased as a souvenir?

SPEAKING of wild animals, it is not they who will do much smiling this winter, now it is announced that there will be a genuine shooting season this autumn and winter. But, on the other hand, what a grin of satisfaction for all the Nimrods in the trenches, whose only prayer now is that they may be spared till *l'ouverture de la chasse* next month! To hear them talking about it, one realises that a week in the woods and fields, with dog at the heel and gun on shoulder, means more for them than a citation or a decoration. And what tickles them most of all is that there will be free shooting for every *poilu*, without any licence! And the farmers, too, are smiling to themselves in expectation of paying back a three-years' score on marauders who have been fattening on their crops; and every gourmet in France is licking his lips in anticipation of his favourite dish of game. From all one hears, game will be so plentiful this winter, that a few meatless days here and there will be almost a relief!

(*Continued on page 396*)

IF

—ADAM AND EVE HAD BEEN GERMANS

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (*concluded*)

BUT the broadest grin of all is that of our landlords and *concierges* as they read of the downfall of their arch-enemy!—he who

"An affair of honour"

was once the hero of all the downtrodden tenants of Paris—and monsieur knows if there were many! Ah, Cochon! Cochon!—to have ended like this!—a deserter in female disguise! You, whom we cheered so often when it was moving-day in the Faubourg, and you marched by with your drum and trumpets to rescue the poor tenant and his belongings from the toils of the pitiless landlord! What a downfall — what a *dégringolade!*

⁂

BUT, after all, why despair? Before the war we needed a Cochon to defend us against the "Vulture," as we call the hated proprietor. For, as monsieur knows well, we were the most patient people in the world; but afterwards, when our *poilus* come home, all that will be changed. Even now, when they are here on leave, they lose no time in asserting their rights — and they are amazed to find how easy it is! Ah, if they had only dared before! It is true that a landlord in 1917 resembles very little the "Vulture" of 1914. Of course, the rentless *régime* he has been put on since the moratorium has done much to soften his rapacity!

⁂

THEN, also, there is the smile, so malicious and triumphant, of our *midinettes*, who have been holding their first congress to establish their rights and see that the promises of their employers are carried out. It is remarkable how proud they look now that they have realised their *Union Sacrée!* Not that everything went off so peacefully at the congress! On the contrary! It appears it was as agitated as a Secret Session at the Chamber, and that some of the debates would have done credit to our most temperamental deputies! There were even several *affaires d'honneur*, which were afterwards settled in the *ateliers!*

⁂

Tant mieux! Entre nous, monsieur, it is just as well that our *chères petites* have their little affairs of honour, for, of course, we cannot do without them entirely after the war, and you do not see a real *poilu* consenting to exchange three bullets without result while snapshots are being taken by the press photographers! No, they will leave that exercise to their fair partners in politics or business. And—*enfin!*—why should madame or mademoiselle not avenge her honour, now that she is replacing our men in so many ways? One of our *clientes* has assured me that feminine opinion has already settled that point. As she said: "Perhaps you imagine that we have not also our *point d'honneur? Eh, bien*, you will see! Ah, but we have a long account to settle, especially with the enterprising monsieur, who pesters us when we are in a hurry to get to the office! *Tiens!* it is extraordinary how *vieux jeu* you remain, you men!"

"The mobilised 'curé' and the amorous Tommy"

⁂

BUT if she is developing so rapidly, our Parisienne, in spite of the fact that she has had to stay at home for three years, what, I ask myself, will happen when the great tunnel is built and she can go back and forth to London as if it were Auteuil or Passy! For, of course, now the Americans have taken up the project (at least, so we hear) it is certain that it cannot be a bluff this time! It is true that M. Eiffel, whose tower is now being repainted, smiles a little sceptically at the project, but we in the Café Gaulois are looking forward to the day when we can see our British clients dropping in for the *Heure de l'Apéritif* after they have finished their business in the City.

⁂

En attendant—there is the smile of M. le Commandant, whom I see approaching. It is not the smile of everybody! No, it is distinctly the military smile, and in his eyes there is the gleam of "*A Berlin!*" Some may shrug their shoulders, but Frédéric, he prefers it to the smile of M. Désiré, who is drinking Swedish punch and thinking: "*A Stockholm!*"

So, *au revoir*, monsieur,

FRÉDÉRIC

IF

—THE AIR BOARD REALLY WAKES UP!

IF Old Bill Edited

PASSED BY CENSOR

"'Ow the 'ell do ye spell Bai

The Bystander"

er, Miss Clutterbuck?"

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS

IF Realism Prevailed

BY "JINGLE." *Illustrated by NORMAN MORROW*

THE appeal for more realism on the stage has not been very noisy during the last three years, perhaps because all the attempts of Art to be truly realistic have been dwarfed by the unspeakable realism of the theatre of war. If, however, the old gang of realists should rise again in the days of peace to come, and should insist that it is the duty of the dramatist to make the public appreciate things as they are, there should be some lively times ahead for the theatre-goer in search of exciting novelty. Mere railway collisions, or falls from beetling cliffs, will be voted very mild sensations compared to what will happen if the realists of the future are true to their creed.

To appreciate properly the wickedness of the villain in melodrama the audience must have their share in the consequences of his rash acts Thus in the play of the future the villain (probably of "Swiss" nationality) will, no doubt, abduct the fair young heroine by motor-car, and on his way back home he will, of course, hurl bombs at the village church and the local *crèche*. The sensation of the evening would be the fact that the bombs would be real ones, and a note on the programme would inform the audience that bomb-proof shelters, in which they could take cover at their own risk, could be obtained from the attendants between the acts. If realism means having the real thing, a performance of this kind should satisfy the greediest reformer.

❋

SHIPWRECKS have hitherto been presented on the stage in a very unconvincing manner, especially as the hero, even when he has swum from the wreck to the shore, usually manages to perform the feat without getting his clothes wet. If the realists take this theme in hand they ought to do the job conscientiously. It is no use leaving these things to the imagination of people who may not, after all, be endowed

(Continued on page 402)

IF

—THE WORLD'S TRAGEDY WERE A "ROMANCE"

IF: Realism Prevailed *(concluded)*

IN THE FOYER

with that doubtful virtue. The auditorium should be converted into a huge tank. As the announcement comes from the hero that the ship is sinking fast, the tank should gradually fill with water to a depth of four or five feet.

⁂

This will enable the audience to realise what it means to be on a sinking ship. As a concession to the fastidious who dislike spoiling their evening coats or gowns, the audience might be encouraged to attend the theatre in bathing costume on such occasions as these. People who take no very great interest in imitation shipwrecks might be induced to visit a play of this kind, anyhow, if only for the purpose of having a look at each other. That alone would be worth the price of admission.

⁂

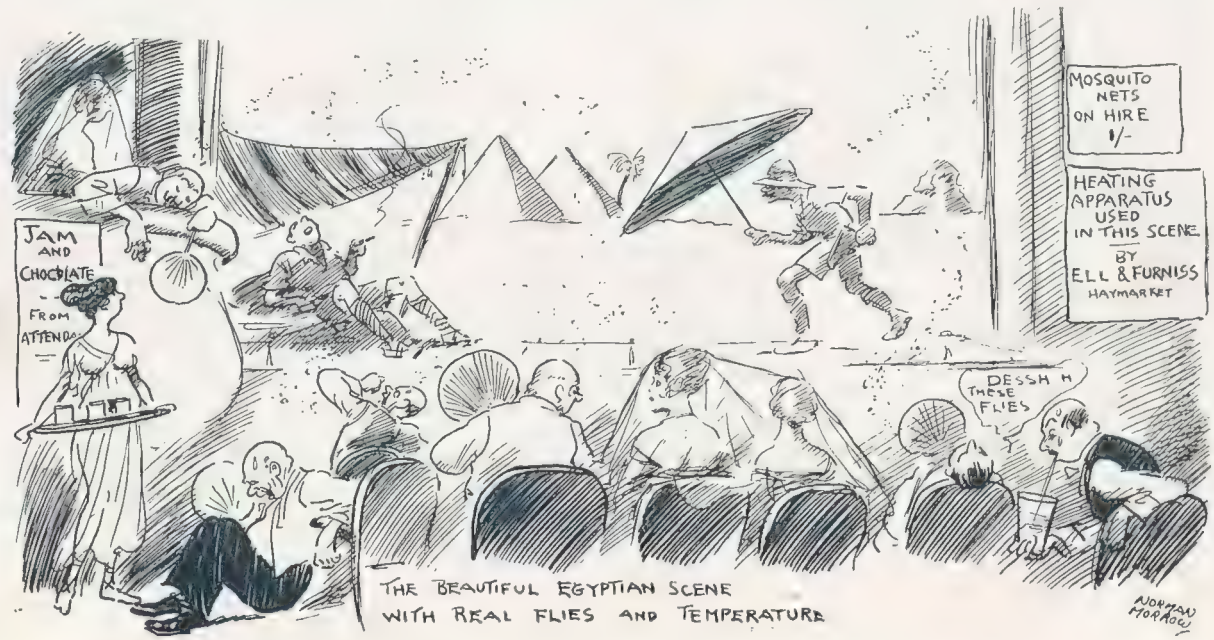
If the dream of the realists should ever come true, you can see for yourself that an awful lot of fresh difficulties will be created in respect of stage management. When, for instance, the usual hero proposes to the usual heroine in the last act, and she falls on his neck with a loud click, we know it isn't a real proposal of marriage, and, therefore, to the realistic mind it lacks the quality of "grip." But if it were announced that at the first performance of a new play the hero (Mr. Smith) would make a real proposal of marriage to the heroine (Miss Brown), the "House Full" boards could be hung out before the doors were opened.

⁂

As, however, in the present dearth of men Miss Brown would probably take no chances, and accept Mr. Smith on the spot, it would be necessary to find a new hero and heroine for every subsequent performance of the play. A conscientious realist might see no objection to this; indeed, if he had the truly commercial spirit he might put up the part of the heroine to auction every evening and let the winner cast the part of the hero in accordance with her own ideas of the dramatic unities or something of that sort.

⁂

If the realists had their way the performance of such a play as *Hamlet*, for instance, would thin the ranks of stars pretty appreciably in a single season, to say nothing of making the district coroner suffer a good deal from overwork. As for those fanciful comedies of the old school, in which the chartered libertine is supposed to be luring another man's darling along the primrose path of dalliance, one can only speculate curiously on what would satisfy the genuinely realistic soul. While, if the realist were to take in hand truly and sternly the case of the Girl Who Took the Wrong Turning I can see the Lord Chamberlain's hair going grey in a single night. JINGLE



THE BEAUTIFUL EGYPTIAN SCENE WITH REAL FLIES AND TEMPERATURE

IF

—NOAH HAD BEEN A GERMAN!

IFS

"IF youth knew? If old age could?" There'd be a lot more men in khaki, don't you think?

IF we had taken Mr. Asquith's advice and waited, should we have seen anything?

IF people had the courage of their opinions, what a brave world it would be.

IF pigs had wings, wouldn't our profiteers be an acquisition to the R.F.C.?

IF the truth came out, what a lot of people would come out too, and stop out.

IF Bulgaria had kept out, and Serbia had kept in, and Turkey had kept off, and Russia had kept on, why we might by now have had Berlin for a keepsake.

IF a war lasts three years and the duration of the war, what time may we expect the balloon to go up.

IF we had been prepared, and France had been prepared, and Russia had been prepared, there'd have been no occasion for it, would there?

IF kings were people and people were kings, honest men would be no better off than they are.

IF Mr. Pemberton Billing went fly-fishing wouldn't the fishy flying-fish have to be fly?

IF Kaiser Bill had but forescen,
He'd have *Gott-strafe'd* his War Machine!

IF Tino'd had no German wife,
He might have kept his throne for life.

IF in like case had been the Tsar,
He'd not be in Si-be-ri-a!

IF

OUR MRS. BLOGGS COULD HAVE FIVE MINUTES WITH THAT THERE KAISER!

IF Russian Pacifists weren't geese,
D'you think they'd crave a German "peace"?

IF Asquith bossed us still, I trow,
The war we'd just be starting now.

IF Winston what he pleased could be,
He'd just change places with L.G.

IF Bonar feared no canting "jaw,"
We'd soon have Premium Bonds —by Law.

IF Ramsay Mac. a poll would try,
To Leicester soon he'd say good-bye.

IF Snowden had been German born,
A convict's costume he'd have worn.

IF but the U.D.C. would tell
Who finds the money for "Morel?"

IF Billing would his fame repair,
He'd give up "gas" and take to air.

IF Prohibition came to be,
How sad for you—how nice for Mee!

IF "Free Trade" reared its head again—
No—Englishmen aren't *quite* insane!

IF Ananias were on earth,
In Wolff's Bureau he'd find a berth.

IF Hindenburg the truth would speak,
The war'd be over in a week.

IF Wells were really wise, it's odds
He'd not be making fancy gods.

IF "Tommy" heard of strikes, he'd say—
"Shame! *I've* no blooming eight-hours day!"

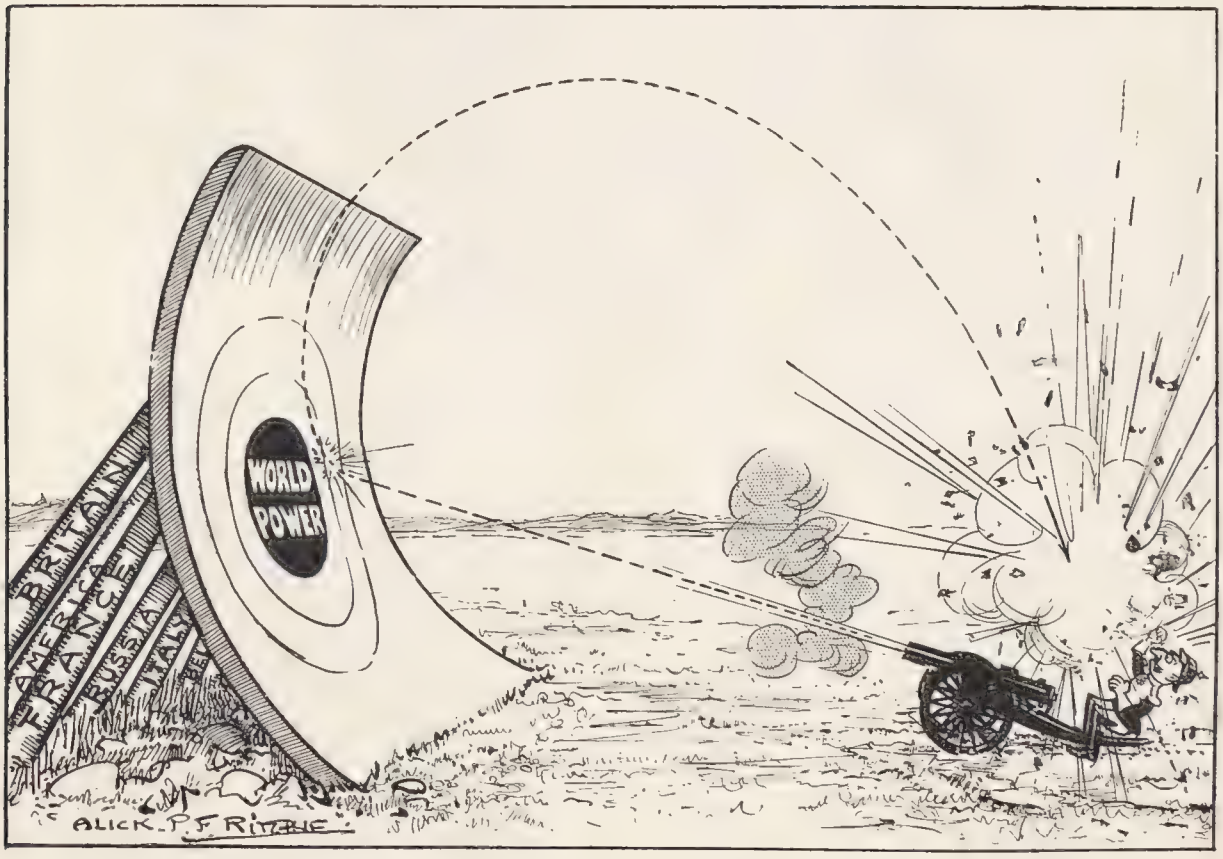
IF Sunday's hours were forty-eight,
We'd read all Garvin has to state.

IF Rome made "peace," that "peace" would come
From Haldane's spiritual home.

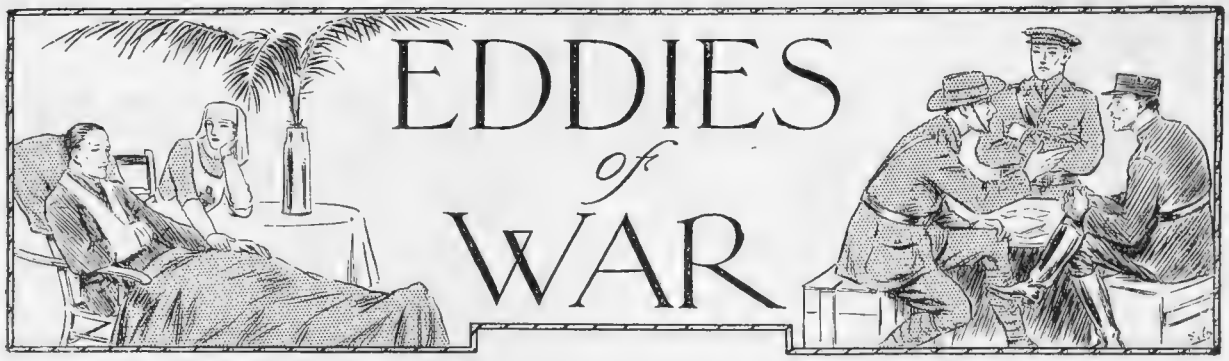
IF we'd still rule the Isle of Pat
We've got to squelch Sinn Fein—that's flat!

IF

—OUR ALLOTMENT ONLY PRODUCED THE RESULTS THAT WE SEE IN OUR NEIGHBOUR'S!



—THAT TARGET HADN'T SUCH AN AWKWARD RICOCHET!



IF THE DREAMS CAME TRUE. BY DELL LEIGH

I

From General Officer Commanding 147th Cavalry Division, Utopia Lines, B.E.F.

To Unknown Subaltern, No. 2 Troop, 3rd Squadron, the Oddsbodkin Light Horse.

MY DEAR BROWN—

I AM afraid you have been having rather a rough time lately and I feel it is up to me as your G.O.C. to write and say how very sorry I am about this. In the first place I should like you to believe that I was not in any way responsible for the awful drenching you got the other night on that practice patrol. You had a rotten cold before you started, I understand, and I distinctly ordered Smith to go in your place, as I share your intense objection to Smith, and am proposing to act accordingly in future. But a fool of a D.A.A.G. I have here, called Whatnot, mistook the order—he would! Secondly, I wish to place on record the keen admiration I feel for your really masterly handling of that troop of yours on parade this morning; during the whole course of some twenty odd years' soldiering I have never seen anything to equal it, and I have duly noted the fact in my weekly report to Corps headquarters. We may as well put things quite right, and I should be glad, therefore, if you would tell your commanding officer to send me your next confidential report for endorsement. As regards your leave I appreciate the fact that you have not made any complaints about this before, like so many other people I could name. and if it is convenient for you to take some leave now by all means do, my dear fellow. I don't think you need bother about the usual ten days; just come back when you feel *thoroughly* rested. Of course, if you really want to do your old General a good turn, you might have a run up to my little place in Fifeshire and see how the grouse are. My headkeeper tells me there are much too many for healthiness this year, so I recommend you to collect a few guns in town and take them up with you. I have told them to open the house for you. On no account tip *anyone*; I strongly object to this. We shall all miss you very much at headquarters but that can't be helped.—Yours ever, HENRY FITZ-DUDD-STUNT, Major-General.

P.S.—By the way, how is your father?

IF
—THERE WERE NO A.P.M. IN LONDON

II

From Contracts Department, War Office, to struggling manufacturer. 9-Conts-3842-Sub. 4. 24 *August*, 1917.

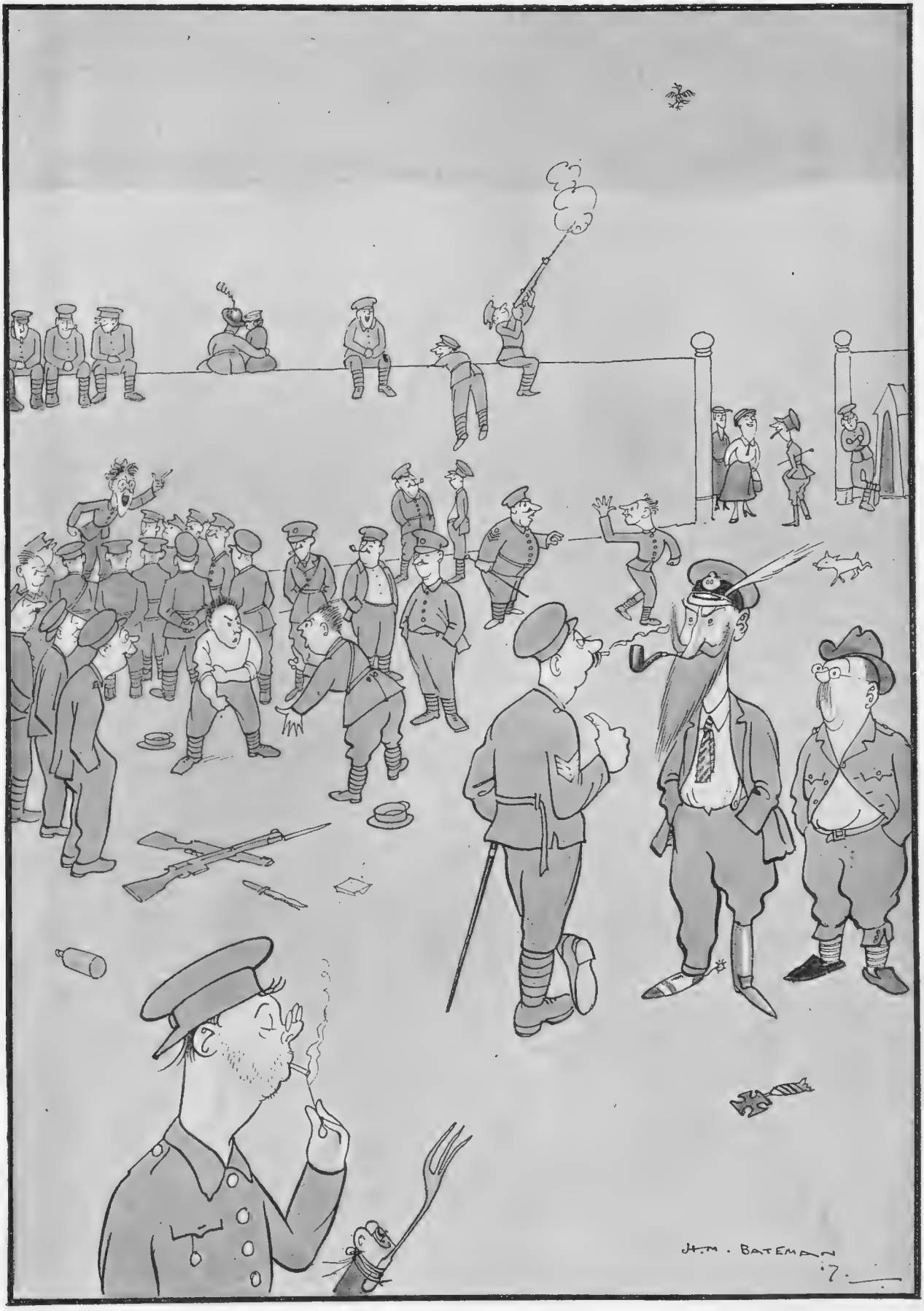
Messrs. Wilkins and Company, 19, Grove Lane, Battersea Rise, S.W. 11.

GENTLEMEN—

I AM directed to acknowledge receipt of your tender for spares under the above-quoted contract, and to express the Army Council's appreciation of the very clear and concise way in which the seven hundred and forty-three items of the schedule have been set out. In this connection I am instructed to state that it is proposed, with your consent, to employ your schedule of tender as an example to other contractors of the correct way to submit prices, and it would be appreciated if this permission could be conveyed to the Council in due course. With regard to the actual prices, I am to direct your attention to item 315, and to say that you appear to have made a slight error. The correct price for goods under this heading should be 16*s.* 9*d.* per dozen, not 3*s.* 7*d.*, as quoted, and this amount is being adjusted accordingly in your favour. Taking the tender as a whole, the prices are considerably lower than those of your competitors, and a complete list of prices tendered by other firms is attached hereto for your information, and return, please. I am further to state that in the matter of excess profits, in your case the amount of 80 per cent. will be allowed you, and this letter should be taken as authority to retain the above percentage to

(Continued on page 408)

IF



PASSED BY CENSOR

—THE BRITISH ARMY WERE COMMANDED BY MR. G. B. SHAW!

EDDIES OF WAR (concluded)

yourselves, free of income tax. Will you, therefore, please proceed with the whole order, and in acknowledging receipt of this communication, state the delivery date that will be most convenient to your good selves. — I have the honour to be, gentlemen, your obedient servant, BENEVOLENTIUS PHILANTHROPOS, for Director of Contracts.

❋ ❋

III

From Prime Minister to Nervous Old Lady (also unknown).

10, *Downing Street*, 31 *August*, 1917.

Miss Ermyntrude Drury, The Laburnums, Golder's Green.

MY DEAR MISS DRURY—

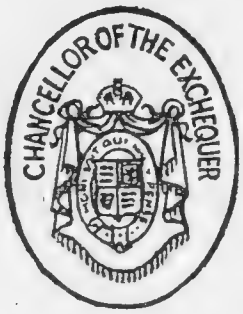
I HAVE read your most interesting nine-page letter carefully this morning, and hasten to reply. I am very grieved to hear of your alarm as to attacks by hostile aircraft, and can assure you that more adequate steps shall be taken in view of your very sound advice. As regards the strange lights you have observed flickering over the Golder's Green Cemetery, I have sent for the Chief Commissioner of Police for a thorough investigation to be made—no doubt your remark about enemy agents is correct. I confess we had not thought of that. I think the best way of easing your mind, however, is for you to be afforded adequate *structural* protection. I am accordingly instructing the Office of Works to cover your roof, and those of your neighbours with three feet of sand bags. The cost of this will, naturally, be defrayed by yours most sincerely, J. W. BULL.

P.S.—Believe me it is a pleasure and an *honour*.—J. W. B.

IF

—PEACE CAME TO-MORROW

THE INVESTMENT. 5% EXCHEQUER BONDS.



TENS OF THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE in the British Isles desire an investment where their money is absolutely secure and which will ultimately be paid back to them pound for pound in cash, while they get a dividend of 5% per annum. Such an opportunity is presented to them in

5% EXCHEQUER BONDS.

The Government *guarantees* to repay, pound for pound, in 1919 or 1922, as the investor prefers, any amount invested in 5% Exchequer Bonds, and further will pay interest every six months at the rate of 5% per annum on the amount invested. Could any investment be more secure, or worthy of respect? Should you, at any time, desire to realise the Bonds, a banker, or any member of the Stock Exchange, will arrange the matter for you, or if you buy it through the Post Office, the Post Office will do it for you.

TO HOLDERS OF FOREIGN SECURITIES.

HAVE you examined your List of Foreign Securities to see whether you can help your country by selling some of them and thus be able to invest in 5% Exchequer Bonds?

DEATH DUTIES.

HAVE you invested sufficient money in 5% Exchequer Bonds to enable your Executors to pay all the Death Duties in this security? If you hold 5% Exchequer Bonds there will be no need for them to sell out stocks at a loss because 5% Exchequer Bonds are accepted as the equivalent for cash in payment of Death Duties.

THESE BONDS ARE ALSO ACCEPTED AS THE EQUIVALENT OF CASH IN PAYMENT OF EXCESS PROFITS TAX OR MUNITIONS LEVY.

If you have £5 to £50 to invest.

YOU can get a Bond for £5 or for £20 or for £50 from any Money Order Post Office, or from a Banker, or your Local War Savings Committee will see that you get what you want.

If you have £100 or over to invest.

GET a prospectus from any Stockbroker or Banker or send a cheque direct to the Bank of England. You can get either Bearer Bonds or Registered Bonds as you prefer. Interest on Registered Bonds is paid without deduction for Income Tax.

THEREFORE BUY
5% EXCHEQUER BONDS
The Safest Investment in the World.

IF There Were Peace

BY THE OLD GUARD

We who watch from our Fleet Street fastness the tide of battle, and whose thankless task it is to aid the statesman and the soldier alike with our sage counsel twice a day, are now, it seems, to be permitted to dream of peace. It is a dream that likes us well, withal; for we are essentially a creature of peace, since it is only when the dogs of war are secure in leash that the pen is mightier than the sword.

⁂

And so we dream of peace, and sigh for the halcyon day to come when, the quills of our Pegasus no longer clipped by a ruthless censor, we may disinter the hatchet of party warfare, and give our puny rivals at home and abroad a taste of our great quality. We flatter ourself that we can mould the destinies of empires with the best artisans of our craft, and in the gentle hour of peace we will have no truck with the minions of a reptile Press who may presume to question our wisdom or our authority.

⁂

If there were peace! We can see ourself loitering significantly by the door of our favourite hostelry waiting to welcome home again lifelong friends with their arrears of pay upon them. Each of the dear old faces will appear to us in the distance as a vision in a mist, and though some of those visions, alas! will never materialise for us again, others will, happily, step from the mist to convince us that we are awake once more, and that all is well with them. And we will drink them a *Waes Hael!* while here and there, for tender memory's sake, we turn down an empty glass.

⁂

There shall be no fly in our ointment then. True it hath been timorously whispered that there are those who will strive to keep the flowing bowl from our ready lips when there is no longer the need of the meagre potation of to-day. Let no such sorry varlet cross our path when peace hath come among us. For the moment we, too, are dutifully among the anchorites, and have turned the other cheek to the smiter for the common weal. But when the world is at peace again, we will, if need be, splutter ink by the gallon in the faces of the anæmic toast-and-water school that presumes to throw its debilitated shadow between the free man and his cup of ale. Body of Bacchus! but for the times that now impose a restraint upon our righteous wrath, we would fall upon the knaves here and now and smite them hip and thigh.

IF THE KAISER FINDS IT DIFFICULT TO MAKE ENDS MEET AFTER THE WAR

⁂

If there were peace! Then might we hie us for an idle hour to the green fields and shady nooks that delighted our soul of yore. We have been a citizen of a warring State for so long that to-day even the gentle hues of the landscape at the end of the open road are dimmed by the shadow of the great strife. The blue sky flecked with fleecy clouds has no message for us at the moment; and to take pleasure in the glory of the flower or the hum of the bee smacks of the impious in these tremendous times. We feel as the guilty Aram, who, under the weight that hung upon his soul, could not mark the skylark's flight and could not hear it sing.

⁂

But—if there were peace! Then would the shadow be lifted from us, and then would our eyes be opened again. Then could we look with delight once more on a rural dell of which we wot, where the valleys nurse the winding stream, and where the green uplands by the evening light lose themselves in the purple of the distant hills and the gold of the setting sun beyond. By the Pipes of Pan! we shall see it all yet again, and shall understand it the better for having lost sight of it so long. We shall rise phœnix-like from the ashes of a sorry past, and shall renew our youth like the eagle's. We shall see ourself taking our ease at our inn with a sudden access of wealth, due to a trifling loan that we propose to negotiate when the gods are propitious. There will be a little table in a rose-crowned arbour that looks across the moorland to eternity itself; there will be the clink of a friendly glass, and the gentle pressure of a dainty foot against our own less gainly shoe, what time the not over-favoured Hebe within peeps furtively through the window-curtain and timidly reports progress to those in authority above her who are the self-appointed coast-guards of the conventions. Bismillah! if there were peace, how brightly would to-morrow's sun shine on us!

STAR TURNS. III. PANTOMIME.

Enter Principal Boy.

"I'M Jack, the only son of Widow Twankey,
A lady singularly gruff and lanky.
She keeps a laundry, where, with toil and trouble,
She ruins all the clothes and charges double.
I'm leaving home to marry the Princess
And find the magic key to happiness."

Enter Princess.

"I'm the Princess. I hope you think I'm pretty?
I'll warble you a sentimental ditty (*does so*).
(*Aside*) Who is this Boy? My heart is in a flutter!
I can but act the love I dare not utter" (*kisses Jack*)

JACK: 'I'm quite prepared to marry you, Princess,
If you've the magic key to happiness!"

PRINCESS: "I have no key, but do admire my curls,
I'm prettier than all the other girls.
Come to the Palace, dear, and meet papa!"

JACK: "His shirts are washed by my revered mamma,
But I can't marry you without that key."

PRINCESS: "Oh! how unkind you are to little Me!" (*Runs away sobbing*)

Enter Fairy Queen.

"Dear Jack, I've come to aid you in despair,
A magic realm awaits you as the heir.
And if you'd fain unlock the gates of bliss,
And savour joys as fragrant as a kiss,
Abdullas are the Key to Happiness.
So cut along and marry the Princess!"

ABDULLA
THE STAR TURN ALWAYS

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— THE PROVED BEST —

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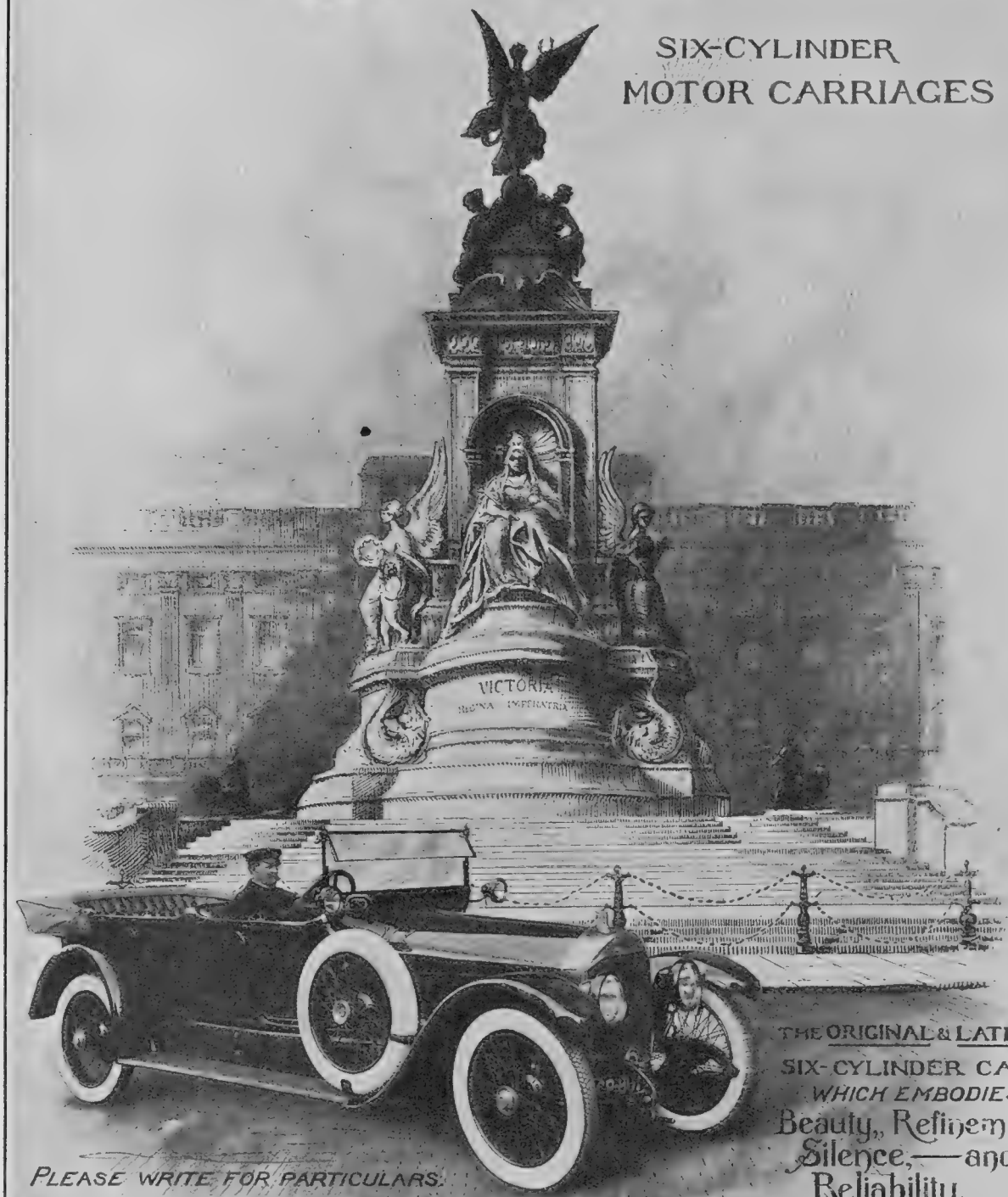
MOTOR CARRIAGES



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IF

THE CLUB BORE :-
"HAVEN'T I ALWAYS SAID SO ?"

THE PROFITEER :-
"SCANDALOUS ! WHEN WE WERE PUTTING PRICES UP AGAIN NEXT WEEK"

'THE DUG-OUT' (TEMPORARY) :-
"AND I THOUGHT THIS WOULD BE A LIFE JOB"

THE BUSINESS MAN :- "I ALREADY ON DER MAT VAITING VOS AIN'T IT"

THE TEETOTALLER :-
"DO YOU KNOW, I'M SORELY TEMPTED TO BREAK THE PLEDGE"

THE PEACE CRANK :-
"NOW I'VE GOT TO FIND A NEW STUNT"

THE PUBLISHER :-
"POP A COUPLE OF WINGS ON BELLONA, MAKE THAT SWORD AN OLIVE BRANCH AND LET ME HAVE IT IN THE MORNING

—PEACE CAME SUDDENLY!

"The Loom of Youth"

A REMARKABLE NOVEL

Games *versus* "Work"

It must have been Mr. Arnold Lunn who, by the publication some four or five years ago of *The Harrovians*, started the modern idea that the fetish of games and athletics is ruining our public schools. Mr. Lunn's book irritated a large number of people, Harrovians and others, who had only pleasant memories of their own school days; but it undoubtedly pleased others—mostly, may be, those not lucky enough to have been at a public school—by its downright attack on the system. It is a question, of course, which has two very distinct sides to it.

A Boy's Novel

It is a pretty problem, and it has been approached once again in a quite unusual and most remarkable novel written by a boy of eighteen. Like *The Harrovians*, Mr. Alec Waugh's story, *The Loom of Youth* (Grant Richards: 5*s.* net), was written shortly after its writer had left school, and for that reason there is an intimacy about it which carries conviction. You feel that all the boys at Fernhurst—which is only a thin disguise—are real people, not the agreeable caricatures, for instance, of *The Hill*; and in the Games Master, who is so pleasantly nicknamed "The Bull," Mr. Waugh has created a character which epitomises the whole public school system. "The Bull's" love for Fernhurst is unquestionable, it is wonderful, and you can see that Mr. Waugh has an affection for him while regretting the fact that the master's patriotism really stops short at the school gate. But "The Bull's" enthusiasm, according to Mr. Waugh, is not always shared by the boys. To be a "colour" is to be a "blood," and at school divinity doth most unmistakably hedge a blood, which may be wrong. Mr. Waugh's hero, Gordon Caruthers, was going the way of most budding bloods when he was induced to take an interest in letters. Henceforth games and letters held a more or less equal place in his affections.

2nd LIEUT. ALEC WAUGH
Author of "The Loom of Youth"

A Finished Performance

And therein, perhaps, lies the solution to the problem. If all the young bloods will follow Gordon's example there will assuredly be no modern problem to worry hard-worked schoolmasters and educational authorities. But there is more in *The Loom of Youth* than a mere thesis. It is a rattling good story, alive, well-written, and never unnecessarily biased this way or that. What Mr. Waugh may do in the future no one can say, but even in these days of young soldier-poets, it is very rare for a boy of eighteen to produce such a finished performance. *The Loom of Youth* will take its place amongst the few first-class school stories which have been published this century. R. S.

"The Propeller"

"Rilette's" painting for H. Dennis Bradley is apropos of nothing. If it seeks a purpose it is merely to show that there may be still something in the world worth living for.

POPE & BRADLEY
Sole Proprietor H. Dennis Bradley
Civil, Military & Naval Tailors.

THE ARGUMENT OF SUCCESS.

In the world of lies, the truth of figures stands incontestable.

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And the secret of this success is simple. Throughout the war, despite an ever-rising woollen market, only the finest materials possible to produce have been supplied. The odious crime of profiteering has been avoided, and with illimitable opportunities of obtaining inflated war prices, Pope and Bradley have traded on a considerably lower percentage of profit than that obtained in peace time.

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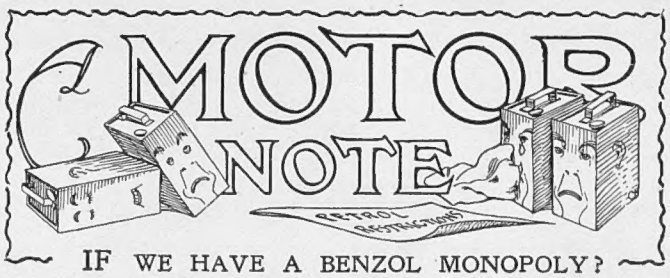


IF WE HAVE A BENZOL MONOPOLY?

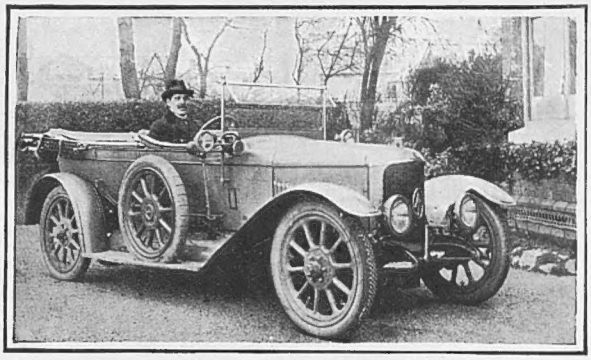
Benzol Monopoly?

AND so the whole benzol output of this country after the war is to be handed over to the British Petroleum Company for distribution. That means a monopoly; but it is a monopoly in which the British Government will, I understand, have a controlling interest. There is no special objection to a State monopoly as such, although there are likely to be some very special objections to the State manipulation of the monopoly. The State comes in on this matter by virtue of the fact that it loaned considerable sums to enable various firms to put down coke recovery ovens for the production of benzol for war purposes.

* * *

Fuel Distribution

AFTER the war the distribution of the fuel becomes as important as the maintenance of a standard of quality. The State having a direct interest in the producer plants, collaborates with the producer firms and a distributor firm to secure both results, and at the same time to build up a national industry which ought to have been built up years ago, before the petrol monopolists put a stranglehold on the consumer, but was not. Germany, of course, did not make that sort of mistake. We did. I do not know what the potential output of the recovery ovens available at the end of the war is likely to be, but I am very sure that, properly organised, we should be able to raise production to a point where we shall be independent of sea-borne motor-fuel. That would break the petrol combine amid loud cheers.



"AND A GOOD JUDGE TOO"

Mr John Chilton, J.P., of John Chilton and Co., Birmingham and Oldhill, the latest addition to Staffordshire's Justices of the Peace, established his cycle business in '94, and is now concentrating wholly upon Arrol-Johnston vehicles. And a good judge too

* * *

A Charitable Act

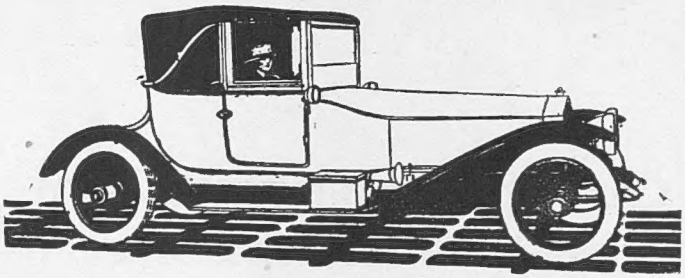
UNLESS, of course, we let the combiners in on our own scheme to run our business for us to their own profit. We have a weakness for doing things of that kind, and I should not be surprised if it happened in this case. If it does, we shall have the privilege of knowing we have saved the poor petrol combiners from want, and that may console us for having to pay through the nose for fuel we might perhaps have had at half the price. Because that is what would certainly happen; and in the end we may be called upon to pay a few millions to buy out the people who should never have been allowed to come in.

* * *

The Life Blood of Transport

IT will be as well, therefore, to watch developments with a little care. This matter of motor fuel is tremendously important from the national point of view. The war has shown us just how important it is. It will be hardly less so when we are

(*Continued on page 418*)



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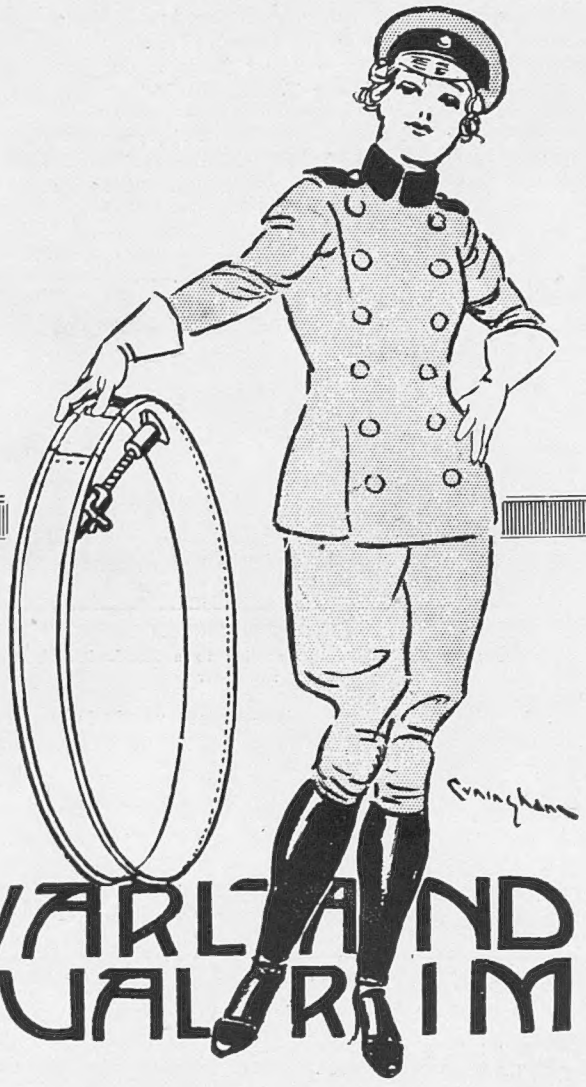

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MOTOR NOTES (concluded)

concerned solely with the industrial situation after the war. Transport must be as the breath of life to that situation. Home-made, State-owned benzol as an alternative to trust-owned imported petrol is a guarantee of security. If we can get it we have solved a large initial problem and created a factor of inestimable value. I hope we can get it and that the Government will see that we keep it.

* * *

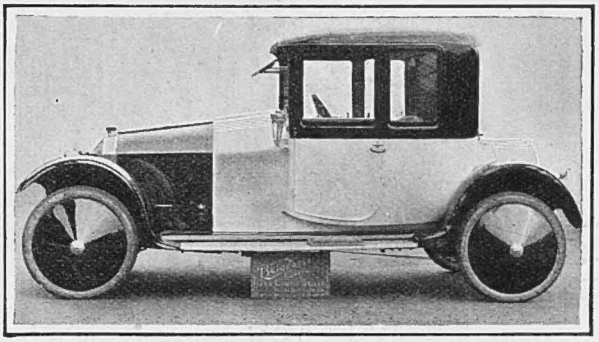
Why a Petrol Company?

BUT I do not at all like the idea of a petrol firm being given any considerable share in a State organisation for the production of a competitive fuel. We have had trouble enough with petrol firms; and at any rate not one of them has done anything to merit salvation from the extinction which the success of home-made benzol would threaten. Also, can the same company efficiently serve its petrol interests, assuming it has any, and at the same time deal faithfully by the opposition benzol interests entrusted to it? And, finally, where was the need to call in the assistance of a petroleum company at all? Could not the Motor Trade Association, or some similar body of the men who finally will be the actual distributors, have created a special machine for the purpose equally well? However, let us hope for the best. Hope is very much cheaper than petrol; and there's still very much more of it.

* * *

The Chain-Track Tractor

A COURTEOUS little note from Caterpillar Tractors, Ltd., answers a question I asked concerning the proper name to be applied to the many forms of vehicle which have come to be known by the name of caterpillar, since that word is a registered trade mark, only permissible for use in connection with the tractor for which Caterpillar Tractors, Ltd., are responsible in this country. The firm suggests that "the proper generic name for this class of tractor is chain-track." All right. Let us, therefore, use that term when referring to this type of vehicle, particularising by the specific names used by the proprietors of other tractors when it is desired to indicate a special machine—as the "Tracklayer," the "Creeping Grip," the "Multipede," the "Centipede," and so on. I don't mind so long as we can always be clear.



A CONVERSION

A Belgravia body design applied to a Standard Scripps-Booth two-seater

* * *

Odds and Ends

A FOUR-MILLION POUND Dunlop deal. Holders of £1 ordinary shares to be bought out at £4 per share. Whew! But what is the object? And will the user of Dunlop tyres benefit?—The Government is "considering" whether special licences can be issued enabling the holder to obtain larger quantities of the second-grade motor fuel to be derived from Scottish shale-fields and other home sources. Dear old tortoise Government! Always "considering"!

BETTER LIGHT AHEAD. C.A.V. LAMP BULBS for car lighting give more light at least cost and entail no trouble. Strong—Efficient—Reliable, and British throughout.—C. A. VANDERVELL and Co. (Ltd.), Acton, W.

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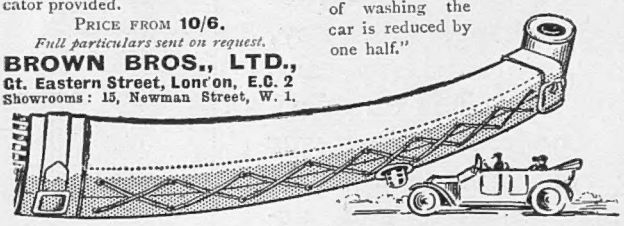

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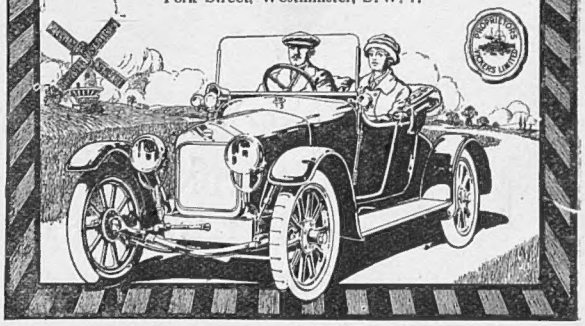
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